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THE DOMESTIC MAN.

NOTHING can be more obvious to remark, than that some people bear less of the characteristics of their own than of the opposite sex. We meet every day in life with clever, masculine, roughish characters in female attire, who perhaps do no grace whatever to their own sex, but yet, as every body conspires to say of them, "would make most excellent men." On the other hand, we as often find a quiet tame kind of man, who has all the features of the old wife about him, even in his one-and-twentieth year, and who, vacillating as it were between the two sexes, is despised by his fellow men, and hardly received with favour by the women, with whom he is so constantly seeking to consort, and whose manners he seems so anxious to imitate.

An individual of the latter kind is distinguished in his earliest petticoats—even before he has well left the nursery. He is then a poor, peepy wretch, with bleary eyes, and one everlasting dingy night-cap, constantly sitting by the fire, to the great annoyance of the nurse, who frequently declares him to be more of an infant than even his younger brother the baby. As he grows up, instead of falling into the ranks of other boys, and coming home occasionally with his garments rent from top to bottom, or two of his fore-teeth borne by his side on the boards of his book, or any other jolly mischance, such as boys are so perpetually falling into, he still clings to the fire-side, where he does a thousand little good offices for the culinary deities, by whom, nevertheless, he is far less kindly treated than the rudest of his brethren. He is even perhaps caught some day playing at the pall-awl with the girls, or perhaps snug in one of the remotest corners of their channel-stone houses, and trying with all his pains to make up a flower-plot for them with the heads of decapitated cowslips. He is then, if a Scottish boy, fairly in for the nickname of "the lassie," than which nothing could well be more intolerable to most boys, though in his case it is submitted to with a helpless and dawdling resignation. As years advance, he becomes a careful coper of all kinds of useful family receipts from old books and newspapers. In a common-place book which he keeps, the first entry is, "a way to make good ink," then "another way to make ink," and then a way "to make red ink"—though, be it remarked, he has no earthly prospect of ever acting upon these receipts. He has also a box, secured by a small padlock, wherein he has gathered thousands of little odd articles, which he barter with less adroit, though perhaps more robust companions, for things of greater value; sometimes adding to his stock by exchanging three rides of his father's horse to the water for a pen-knife, or giving a trifling toy for some solidly useful article, to which its possessor had become indifferent, but always taking care that the thing got shall be a degree better than the thing given.

When individuals of this kind reach their twenty-second or twenty-third year, it is clearly perceived that they are to become Domestic Men. Some prophesy that their wives will have an easy time of it with them, so attentive are they, and so thoroughly versed in all the most approved rules of conducting an establishment; others maintain that their spouses will be rendered miserable, for, let them be ever so careful, there will be no possibility of satisfying the expectations of persons so finical. But on one thing all are agreed, namely, that there is no chance of their continuing long bachelors.

Well, married they certainly are, sooner than most other young fellows; for their accurate and sedulous habits fit them to be good men of business, and they speedily obtain a settlement in life. Now it is that

their darling occupations may be properly said to commence, and their qualifications to be most strikingly and usefully developed. Their pleasure lies in home, and they set in good earnest about making it delightful. They draw around them, with incredible pains, comforts and conveniences of every kind, and their ingenuity is exerted in a thousand ways to accomplish objects which to most people would appear trifling in the extreme, but which are to them of the highest importance. Abroad, our heroes are a good deal laughed at for what are called their fiddle-faddling propensities. They employ as much pains to demonstrate to you the propriety and possibility of saving twopence in some matter of household expense once a-year, as another would do to elucidate and enforce a scheme of retrenchment which was to lessen the burdens of the nation by as many millions. They grudge no part of the price of an article except the halfpenny which goes to complete the sum; but they grudge it grievously; and what other people pay a shilling for, it is the study and business of their lives to procure equally good for elevenpence halfpenny. Infinite is the labour they bestow to carry their point; and as they are indefatigable, so they are in the end generally successful. This habit of being solicitous about trifles lowers them, as has been said, not a little in the estimation of many. But it is surprising what an impression is produced upon one who has made them the subject of ridicule, if he pay a visit to the house of a Domestic Man, and become a witness of the effects of a judicious economy. He is compelled to acknowledge the superior tact of his friend, when he observes the regularity of his household arrangements: there is nothing wanting, and nothing where it should not be; every thing is good of its kind, and adjusted with the nicest skill. Every article around him has its history. Not one of them but was procured by the intervention of a number of trusty agents, and by a series of skilful negotiations. He is not one of those witless persons, who, when a thing can no longer be wanted, have no other resource but to go straight into the market and buy it; he sees a long way before him, by which means he has time not only to look about and make a choice, but to be cautious in closing a bargain, and to obtain the best terms by appearing not to care whether he get the goods or not. Then he has numerous friends, through whose interest with tradesmen he procures things both better and cheaper than customary. Thus his cellar is stocked, not by a general order to a spirit merchant: but he knows a person who has a near relation connected with a brewery, and through this medium he is supplied with superior porter and ales; he has a fifth, sixth, or seventh cousin, who, in a voyage to the Low Countries, contracted a friendship with a Dutch captain—so he is secure of the best Hollands; he possesses channels of communication even with the Highland smugglers, and would scorn to offer a guest any thing but the genuine peat-reek. Every thing comes to him from authentic sources in the same manner, and the secret history of all his various transactions furnishes him with never-failing subjects of conversation. It is in this sphere that the owner feels the triumph of his genius, and he sets himself down in the midst of the comforts he has accumulated—a happy man.

We shall only specify one particular in which the talents of the Domestic Man shine pre-eminent. Reader, were you ever in Edinburgh after a fall of snow which had continued for three days without intermission? Bands of labourers issue forth, armed with shovels, to clear the pavements, in doing which they throw up an entrenchment of snow on each side of the street, so

high, that the few passengers cannot discern more than the hats of those on the opposite footpath. The voice of the fishwives is silent, and not a cart attempts a passage through the streets. A physician's carriage may be observed here and there dragged slowly along by four horses, and a hackney coach making its way still more slowly, the additional horses yoked with traces manifestly got up for the occasion, being formed of ropes, not of the freshest kind. All intercourse and business seems to be at a stand for the time, and the only thing people can do is to remain at home, and read in the newspapers accounts of roads blocked up in every direction, and of valorous mail-coach guards, who, when their vehicles could be taken no farther, abandoned them, and, through paths knee-deep with snow, and with the drift coming absolutely in shovelfuls into their faces, carried the bags in safety to the next post-town. In this period of desolation, the price of coals mounts rapidly. This is a matter which comes home to the toes and fingers of every man, and the panic is consequently great and universal. As is usual in times of alarm, exaggeration flies abroad, and represents the case in its worst colours. Reports are propagated that there is not a ton in store, either at the canal or railway depot. On every side are echoed expressions of dismay and of astonishment that the dealers should have been so exceedingly improvident; and then, again, people check themselves by the reflection, that even although plenty of coals could be bought at the accustomed stations, there is no possibility of getting them conveyed home. Many an anxious and unwonted countenance is intruded, by way of committee of inquiry, into the gloomy regions of the coal-hole; and the cave of Trophonius had no such effect in lengthening the features of those who visited it, as is produced by the investigation of these empty, and, therefore, dismal recesses. Numbers of gentlemen, corpulent and otherwise, return with the appalling intelligence to their families, and abandon themselves to despair by the side of their expiring parlour fires: the wintry wind whistling a dreary chorus to their lamentations. In the midst of this universal consternation, the Domestic Man remains undismayed. Harassed by no anticipations of uncooked victuals, and of fingers blue with cold, he lifts his poker, smashes a large piece of coal in the grate, and plants himself for business or relaxation in front of a fire that bids frost and the fear of it avault. His winter stock of fuel was laid in long before, of the best kind, and at a reasonable rate; and he has now the satisfaction of lending a small quantity to boil the pot of Mr Temporary, who, when he saw the carts unloading their culmy stores at the door of his provident neighbour, thought he had made a hit in twitting him, that "surely he meant to roast an election dinner in his house."

TALE OF A VICTIM.

"THERE is no such thing as standing still in human life: the wheel of fortune is continually revolving; and we must either rise with it or fall."

"Very true," said my friend, as he emptied his glass, and turned a little more round to me; "I will give you a case in point, of which I happened to know myself."

"Some years ago—say fifteen or eighteen—as I was returning from London by the mail-coach, I made halt for a night at one of the York inns. The room into which I was ushered was full of bagmen and travellers of various cuts and kinds, and from the confused babel of sound I could occasionally hear a detached sentence on politics—on the theatres—on agriculture—on the late rainy weather—the price of stocks—soft goods—

and the petitions of the Roman Catholics. A knot in one corner were discussing supper; others, lounging beside the hearth, toasted their toes; while a third, and more numerous party, half concealed amid puffy exhalations, washed down the flavour of their Havanna with steaming savoury rum-punch. Being somewhat fatigued, and the assemblage not exactly quite to my taste, I tossed off a sneaker, and rang for Boots; that indispensable actor of all drudgery work at your public establishments for board and lodging.

"In bustled a tall, thin, squalid, miserable-looking creature, his curly black hair, seemingly long unkempt, hanging about his ears 'in most admired disorder.' His dress corresponded with his looks; his jacket and waistcoat were of dark fustian, and his trousers, shabby and shrivelled, bore some traces of having been originally nankeen. Around his neck was twisted a blue cotton handkerchief, and the little of his linen seen, was not only ragged, but dirty. In one hand he carried a boot-jack, and in the other a pair of slippers, while from under his arm depended a dingy towel, perhaps as a badge of office. I could not help thinking, as he crossed the room at my summons, 'here is a most lugubrious specimen of mortality; one of those night-hawks of society, whom it would scarcely be comfortable to meet with, unarmed, on a solitary road, towards the twilight.'

"With down-looking face, the fellow made a hurried approach to me, as if he had the feeling of his task being a disagreeable one, and the sooner got over the better. As he laid the slippers on the carpet, placed the boot-jack at my foot, and was stooping his shoulder as a fulcrum for assistance in my operations, I caught a distinct glimpse of his faded features. I could not be mistaken. 'Good Heavens!' said I to myself, half aloud, 'can it possibly be Harry Melville!'

"After the poor creature had shuffled out of the room in an agitation which did not wholly escape the remark, and provoked the idle laugh of some of the loungers, I hastily rang the bell, and was shown to my sleeping-room by the waiter, whom I requested to bid the person come up who had brought me my slippers.

"I was allowed to pace about for some time in a perplexed and downcast mood, haunted by many a recollection of departed pleasures—by many delightful associations of other years, which contrasted themselves with present dejection, when at length I heard a step timidly approaching the door, and a slight tap was given. I opened it eagerly, and there stood before me the same doleful apparition. I took hold of the poor fellow's hand, and led him to a chair; but no sooner was he seated, and the door shut upon us, than he put his hands over his face, and burst into a flood of tears. When he had become a little more tranquil, I soothed him in the best way I could, and ventured to open my mind to him.

"Oh! let me alone—let me alone," he said, sobbing bitterly. 'I have deserved my fate. My own imprudence, more than misfortune, has reduced me to the state you see. Be not sorry for me; I am beneath your regard. I have deserved it all.'

"Having consoled him in the best manner I could, he voluntarily gave me the particulars of his history, which, as far as memory serves me, were nearly to the following effect:—

"Shortly after having been taken into the counting-house of his father—at that time a considerable West India merchant—he had married, contrary to the will of his friends, in the hope that the affections of a parent could not long remain estranged to an only son, even though conscious that that son had injured him. Perhaps in this his calculations were not altogether wrong; but at this point foreknowledge failed, and unforeseen circumstances blasted his prospects. The affairs of old Mr Melville were shortly after thrown into disorder by unsuccessful speculations; and matters at length grew so bad as to involve bankruptcy and ruin. The old man was received into the country residence of a relation; but, brought up in habits of activity and business, his mind could not withstand the dread reverse; and, after a few listless months, one shock of palsy following another, hurried him off to a not unwelcome grave.

"The penniless and imprudent Henry soon found that he had wedded not only himself, but another, to misery, as the dark night of ruin closed around them. They were both young, and capable of exertion, but, living on the faith of future prospects, and a speedy reconciliation, they had contracted debts, from which they saw no possible way of extricating themselves. Matters grew worse and worse, and at length the poor fellow was afraid to leave his home from fear of bailiffs.

"At length he fell into their hands, and was dragged to jail; and, on the news being incautiously carried to his young wife, she was seized with convulsions, and perished in giving birth to a child, not unfortunately dead. The heart of the miserable man was rent asunder on learning his domestic calamities. Scorned and despised, friendless and unpitied, he beheld from the iron-bound windows of his prison the coffin that contained the remains of his wife and child, carried through the streets by strangers to the place of interment, while, yearning with the feelings of the husband and father, he was denied the mournful solace of shedding a tear into their grave.

"Condemned to the social contamination of the base and vile, he endured the wretchedness and the disgrace of confinement for two months, when he was

set at liberty by the benefit of the act which so provides, on making oath of surrendering up every thing. Into the world, therefore, was he cast forth, branded and stigmatized, destitute, and beggared in every thing but the generous pride which withheld him from soliciting charity. Bred to no profession, he knew not whereunto to turn his hand; and misery pressed so hardly upon him, that unhallowed thoughts of suicide began to suggest themselves to his troubled mind. From town to town he wandered, soliciting the situation of clerk in any counting-house; but, alas! he had no references to make as to character, no certificates of former engagements faithfully fulfilled. For days and days together, he had not even a morsel of bread to satisfy the pangs of hunger. To add to his wretchedness, his clothes had become so shabby, from exposure to wind, and rain, and sunshine, that he was ashamed to be seen in public, or during daylight—so lay about the fields and wastes till sunset, when he ventured nearer to human dwellings.

"To have offered himself for any situation in such a squalid condition, would have been certain exposure to contumely, refusal, and suspicion; and at length the lingering rays of pride, which had hitherto sustained him, sank amid the darkness of his destiny.

"Necessity is a stern teacher. Even the face of man, which he had sought to shun in his misfortunes, became to him at length a sufferance necessary to be borne; so, as he was at first thrust from, so was he at length drawn back to the dominion of society. From the moorland wastes, where he could pick up a few wild berries, and from the sea-shore, which afforded some shellfish, he came, by degrees imperceptible but sure, to be a spectator at the corner of streets, and a hanger-on about stable-yards, where he casually earned a few pence by assisting the grooms to carry water, or lead gentlemen's horses. Low is the lowest situation which admits not of promotion, and through course of time, my old schoolfellow came to be promoted to the office in which I found him."

"Poor fellow! did you ever hear what became of him afterwards?"

"Yes I did, and a miserable end he had, though redeemed by the spirit of humanity which prompted it. He was killed in rescuing a child which had fallen before the wheels of a stage-coach, and the grateful parents not only gave him a decent funeral, but erected a simple tablet over him, recording his fate, and their gratitude.

"It is dreadful to think on the abyss into which a single erring step from the paths of prudence may precipitate us," said I.

"Yes," answered my friend; "and there are a thousand ways of going astray; while I defy you to go right, save by one."

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

To continue our literary account of the books of the Old Testament, we proceed to notice that the *Third*, or, according to the Hebrews, the *First Book of Kings*, begins with a relation of the manner in which Solomon came to the throne, and contains the whole of his reign. After that, an account follows of the division of the kingdom, and the history of four kings of Judah and eight kings of Israel. All these reigns, including that of Solomon, which occupies the first forty years, comprise the space of 126 years.

The *Fourth* of these books contains the history of sixteen kings of Judah, and twelve kings of Israel. It likewise gives account of the prophets who lived during this time. It is quite uncertain who were the writers of the two last-mentioned books. They are by some attributed to Jeremiah or Ezra, but no very convincing proofs have been adduced in support of this opinion. It is evident, indeed, that these books form a varied collection of several particular histories.

The name of *Paralipomena*, which, in Greek, signifies the *history of things omitted*, is given to the two books which follow those of *The Kings*. These form, in fact, a supplement, containing what had been omitted in the *Pentateuch*, and the books of *Joshua*, *Judges*, and *Kings*, or rather they contain a fuller description of some things which had been therein only briefly related. Some give them the name of *Chronicles*, because they are very exact in mentioning the time when every transaction happened. We divide them into two books, as do also the Jews, who call them *Dibere Hayamin*, that is, an *Historical Journal*, the matters of which they treat having been taken from the journals of the kings. In the original language, however, the word *days* often signifies the *year*, and, in this sense, we may understand the term to signify properly *Annals*. The generally received opinion is, that Ezra was the writer of these. In the *First* book, he begins with a succinct historical abridgement, from the creation of Adam to the return of the Jews from their captivity; and then he resumes the history of David, and carries it on to the consecration of Solomon, that is, down to the year before Christ 1015. The history contained in the *Second Book* reaches down to the year before Christ 536, when, upon the expiration of the seventy years of the captivity, Cyrus gave the Jews leave to return to their own country.

Ezra wrote the history of the return of the Jews from the captivity of Babylon into Judea. It is the history of about 82 years, from the year of the world

3468, when Cyrus became master of the eastern empire, by the death of his father Cambyses in Persia, and his father-in-law Cyaxares in Media, to the year 3550, which was the twentieth year of the reign of Artaxerxes, surnamed Longimanus. This book bears the name of Ezra, who was the writer of it.

The next book is a continuation of that of Ezra, and, therefore, it is by some called *The Second Book of Ezra*. It was Nehemiah, however, whose name it also bears, who wrote it, as is said, by the advice of Ezra. It contains the account of the re-establishment of Jerusalem, and of the Temple, and the worship of God. It is the history of about 31 years; that is to say, from the twentieth year of the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, to the reign of Darius Nothus, his son, which began in the year of the world 3581.

After this general history of the Jews, follow two histories of particular persons, viz. *Ester* and *Job*. The first contains the account of a miraculous deliverance of the Jews, which was accomplished by means of the heroine named Esther. The Scripture says it happened under the reign of Ahasuerus, King of Persia; but as there have been several Persian kings of that name, it is not exactly known in which reign it is to be dated. Dr Lightfoot thinks it was that Artaxerxes who hindered the building of the Temple, and who, in the Book of Ezra, is called also Ahasuerus, after his great-grandfather the King of the Medes.

The history of Job, which is next in order, is not only a narration of his actions, but contains also the entire discourses which this pious man had with his wife and his friends, and is, indeed, one of the most eloquent books in the Holy Scriptures. It is generally conjectured that Moses was the writer or compiler of this book; but this is very uncertain.

Next to the *Historical* books of Scripture, follow those of a moral nature. The first of these is the Book of Psalms, which are likewise, in some measure, historical; for they recite the miracles which God had wrought, and contain, as it were, an abridgement of all that had been done for the Israelites, and that had happened to them. The Hebrews call them *The Book of Praises*, by which they mean, of the praises of God. The word *Psalm* is Greek, and properly signifies the sound of a stringed instrument of music. The Hebrews sung the Psalms with different instruments. We make but one book of them all, but the Hebrews divide them into five parts, which all end with the words *Amen, Amen*. Though the Psalms bear the name of David, yet they were not all composed by him; some of them are more ancient, and others are of a later date than his time; some of them being ascribed to Moses, Samuel, and Ezra. Speaking of the dedication of the second Temple, Prieraux says, "In this dedication, the 146th, the 147th, and the 148th Psalms, seem to have been sung; for, in the Septuagint versions, they are styled *The Psalms of Haggai and Zechariah*, as if they had been composed by them for this occasion; and this, no doubt, was from some ancient tradition; but, in the original Hebrew, these Psalms have no such title prefixed to them, neither have they any other to contradict it." It is not probable, however, that all those whose names they bear were the true authors of them; it is more likely that these are only the names of those to whom they were first given to sing.

After the Psalms are *The Proverbs*, which are a collection of moral sentences, of which Solomon was the writer. This name is given them by the Greeks, but the Hebrews call them *Mide*, that is, *Parables*, or *Comparisons*; and the word may also signify *Sentences*, or *Maxims*. It is a collection of divine precepts, proper for every age, and every condition of life.

The book which follows is also a *Moral* one, and was likewise composed by Solomon. The Greeks call it *Ecclesiastes*, which answers to the name of *Kohelleth*, which it bears in the Hebrew. Both these words signify, in our language, a *Preacher*, or one who speaks in an assembly. In this book is given an admirable picture of the vanity of the world.

Among the *Moral* books is also reckoned *The Song of Songs*; that is to say, according to the Hebrew manner of speaking, a *most excellent song*. This book has nothing of morality in it, and, therefore, it is thought the only reason of its being placed here is, because it was a third work of Solomon; for there is not one moral or religious maxim in it, and the name of God is not so much as mentioned in it, except once in the original Hebrew, where it is used adjectively. It is an *Epithalamium*, or nuptial song, wherein, by the expressions of love between a bridegroom and his bride, are set forth, and illustrated, the mutual affections that pass between God and a distinguished remnant of mankind. It is a sort of dramatic poem, or pastoral; the bride and bridegroom, for the more lively representation of humility and innocence, are brought in as a shepherd and shepherdess. We learn from St Jerome, that the Jews were not permitted to read this song, or the chapters at the beginning of the Book of Genesis, till they were thirty years old.

In regard to the Prophets, it may be observed, that all the Old Testament is considered to be in substance one continued prophecy of the coming of Jesus Christ; so that all the books of which it consists are understood to be in some sense *Prophetical*. But this name is more especially given to those books which were written by persons who had a clearer knowledge of futurity, who forewarned both kings and people of

what would happen to them, and who, at the same time, pointed out what the Messiah was to do, whom they who are acknowledged to have been Prophets had always in view, and this is what ought most especially to be taken notice of in their writings.

The Prophecies bear the names of those to whom they belong. Some learned men are of opinion that the Prophets made abridgements of the discourses which they had written, and fixed them up at the gates of the Temple, that all the people might read them; and that after this the ministers of the Temple might take them away, and place them among the archives, which is the reason why we have not the Prophecies in the order in which they were written. But the interpreters of Scripture have long since laboured to restore that order, according to the course of their history.

The works of the Prophets are divided into two parts, the first of which contains *The Greater*, and the second, *The Lesser Prophets*. This distinction, of course, does not apply at all to the persons of the Prophets, but only to the bulk of their works. *The Greater Prophets* are Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and Jeremiah. *The Lamentations* of Jeremiah make a separate book by themselves, containing that prophet's descriptions of the destruction of the city of Jerusalem, and of the captivity of the people. *The Lesser Prophets* are Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi. They were formerly contained in one single volume, which the Hebrews call *Thereseer*, which means *Twelve*, or *The Book of the Twelve*.

The dates of many of the prophecies are uncertain, but the earliest of them was in the days of Uziah, King of Judah, and Jeroboam the Second, his contemporary, King of Israel, about 200 years before the captivity, and not long after Joash had slain Zechariah, the son of Jehoiada, in the court of the Temple. Hosea was the first of the writing Prophets, and Joel, Amos, and Obadiah, published their prophecies about the same time.

Isaiah began his remarkable prophecies a short time afterwards, but his book is placed first, because it is the largest of them all, and is more explicit relative to the advent of Christ than any of the others. The language of this eminent writer is exceedingly sublime and affecting; so much so, that it has never been equalled by any profane poet either in ancient or modern times. It is impossible to read some of the chapters without being struck by the force of the prophetic allusions to the character and sufferings of the Messiah; and in consequence of these prevailing characteristics, the author is ordinarily styled the *Evangelical Prophet*, and, by some of the ancients, a *Fifth Evangelist*. The Jews say that the spirit of prophecy continued forty years during the second Temple; and Malachi they call the Seal of Prophecy, because in him the succession or series of prophets broke off, and came to a period. The book of Malachi, therefore, appropriately closes the sacred record of the Old Testament.

ELEMENTS OF HEALTH.

TEMPERATURE.

If we refer to the bills of mortality, we shall find a very startling, and, at the same time, a very striking fact, respecting the number of unfortunate individuals who annually fall victims to consumption of the lungs; in consequence of which, it has been denominated, by many of the continental authors, as the *English malady*. The late Dr Young stated, that it destroyed no less than a fourth part of the inhabitants of Europe, and Dr Mason Good was of opinion that this calculation was not overcharged; and, to complete this enumeration, Dr Woolcombe asserted that no less than 55,000 persons prematurely fall a sacrifice annually to the ravages of this disease in Great Britain alone. It might appear, at first sight, that we intended a long dissertation on this frightful disease; this, however, is not the case, our object being to point out, that, in numerous instances, the origin of diseased lungs is from an ordinary cold, which affection frequently arises from a neglect in that due attention to clothing, which either the vicissitudes of climate, constitution, habit of body, and other circumstances, demand. The present essay will be devoted to a few observations on this important subject, particularly as connected with the due preservation of health in all classes of society. There is nothing more necessary to the proper performance of the different functions, so as to conduce to a comfortable state of existence, than the uniform temperature of the body. Now, the Almighty has, in his infinite wisdom, blessed us with the powers of the senses, by whose means we are enabled to enjoy those objects of gratification, which our daily intercourse with the world constantly presents to our notice, and of pain, for our protection; this has induced a state in the constitution, by which we find our feelings extremely sensible to either the excess or a deficiency of heat; so that we almost instinctively endeavour to procure shelter from the excess of heat or freezing cold. In the warmer seasons, we bathe our bodies, and enjoy the luxury of immersion in the limpid stream, in order to promote an agreeable coolness to the surface of our system; or, on the other hand, when the frigidity of frost and snow makes its appearance on the earth around us, then it is that we wrap our bodies in the warmest fleece, so as to promote heat to the exterior of our frame.

Our efforts in endeavouring to mitigate the dan-

gerous consequences of heat and cold, would be but of little utility to us, had not the Deity furnished us with respiratory organs, in common with all the higher classes of animals; the surface of our wondrous machine is endowed with the sensation of feeling. By these powers, the heat of the body is capable of being preserved under almost every variety of temperature to which the changeable atmosphere is liable; by which we mean, the skin, from its tendency to have the perspirable fluid increased from existing circumstances, carries off the excess of heat; and the lungs, from their being able to decompose the atmospheric air, supply the loss that is occasioned by the former; by this means the vital organs, and those of digestion and nutrition, are constantly preserved at a temperature of about 98 degrees, under all circumstances. Besides the important share which the function of perspiration has in regulating the heat of the body, it has another very important office to perform, in serving as a means of outlet to the human frame. The due functions of the skin we have thus briefly described, are of such importance to health, that we must at all times, as a matter of course, direct our attention to the proper means of seeing them properly performed; for it is consonant to the rules of common sense, that, if the fluids that ought to be thrown from the body, through the medium of the pores of the skin, are retained, they are liable to produce injurious effects. By the excrementitious secretion of the skin, we wish the reader to bear in mind, that it is not the moisture or exhalation that is poured out in hot weather, or when the system is heated by exercise, but a matter which is too subtle for the sense of vision to take cognisance of, and which has been denominated by physiologists *insensible perspiration*; this is continually passing off the body, and, consequently, is the only true excretion of the skin. As a proof of the importance of the correct performance of this function, we find it to be totally suppressed in many fevers, of which it is almost the prevailing symptom, and, likewise, is frequently their sole cause; and in many chronic cases, we can trace no other origin. The functions of the skin are prodigiously increased during hot weather and in tropical climates; therefore, any occurrence that may tend towards their interruption or suppression is proportionably dangerous to the individual. There is another office which the skin has to perform; and this is, the absorption, or taking up, and conveying into the system, any substance which it may come in contact with, or be capable of absorbing. Besides, the skin is that portion of the body on which the nerves are distributed, and thus constitutes it the organ of feeling or touch. It is likewise abundantly supplied with a series of glands, which secrete an oily matter, and thereby render it impervious to water: thus is secured the evaporation of what is termed the *sensible perspiration*. If this unctuous or oily substance is deficient, the skin would become reddened (if we may use the expression), and assume that unpleasant appearance which the hands of washerwomen, and others employed in similar operations, exhibit, in consequence of the solvent powers of the soap and alkali they use. The hair serves as so many capillary tubes, which conduct the perspirable fluid from the skin. The three powers or functions of the skin, viz. perspiration, absorption, and sensation or feeling, are so intimately blended and dependent upon each other, that the derangement of the one must more or less influence the others. Now, if, for example, a man be placed in or exposed to the bleakness of a frosty atmosphere, in a state of inactivity, or without sufficient exercise to excite a brisk circulation of the blood, and, at the same time, is destitute of the necessary clothing, his limbs will become stiff, and his skin completely insensible; the vessels which created the perspirable fluid, together with the absorbent vessels, partake of that torpor which has attacked the brain and nervous system (and particularly the nerves of feeling), in conjunction with that of the heart and arteries; and, what is more, they will not regain their proper functions and activity until their sensibility be completely restored. This is a well-known fact to those who have been in Davis' Straits, the Greenland Seas, and the higher latitudes. The great danger which arises from suddenly attempting to restore sensibility to frozen parts, most persons are well acquainted with; therefore, if the warmth which is employed is not very gradually applied, the life or vitality of the parts is destroyed. These remarks on the offices of the skin will point out at once the importance of a particular and constant attention to the important subject of clothing, more especially when we consider the fickleness and changeability of our climate. Common and almost daily experience must have convinced the generality of mankind of the capricious state of the weather in Great Britain, and the importance of guarding against the ill effects arising from it. This end is principally to be attained by the adoption of that species of dress which will afford a protection from the cold. And we must here endeavour to impress upon the minds of parents, and those connected with the management of children, that a degree of cold which creates the sensation of shivering cannot be endured, even for the shortest period, without endangering the health of the individual; neither can the most robust constitution afford a resistance to the benumbing influence of a constant cold season, notwithstanding it may be so moderate as not to be productive of any immediate cause of complaint, or to compel the sufferer to seek

protection from it. The foundation of numberless chronic diseases is oftentimes laid, in consequence of this degree of cold, and the most prominent are those of scrofula and consumption of the lungs. If we examine the various classes of the community, we shall find that persons engaged in sedentary employments are constantly more or less exposed to the baneful effects arising from this species of cold, particularly if the apartment in which they are employed is heated to a degree that subjects them, on their leaving it, to all the dangerous consequences of a sudden transition from heat to cold; thus, as it were, passing immediately from the heat of summer to the frigid temperature of winter. In consequence of the inactivity of body to which these persons are unfortunately more or less condemned, the system becomes weakened, and is rendered incapable of maintaining the necessary degree of comfort and warmth, without additional fire, clothing, or artificial heat. Under painful circumstances like these, there should be a sufficient quantity of clothing of a proper quality; and an apartment, at the same time, moderately warmed and well ventilated, should be preferred, for the purpose of keeping up the requisite degree of warmth. In order to warm the atmosphere of an apartment much above the ordinary temperature of the external air, the latter must be excluded; and either by the circulation of hot water (which is the best and most uniform method), the circulation of steam, or by heated air from a furnace beneath the room, the atmosphere of the apartment thus becomes dry, and, by the two latter methods of warming, highly rarified, and particularly the last, by which the vital parts of the air become destroyed; and if it is thus heated to any extent, dangerous consequences may ensue. All these circumstances, if well considered, will at once prove the great danger there is in passing from a heated place of this nature, to the cold, external, raw atmosphere. But if the person leaving a moderately warm room be properly clothed, then the change is not felt, or at least not so severely, and any exercise that may be taken may be enjoyed and received with advantage to the fullest extent. Now, common experience at once points out that the most proper dress for this occasion is that of cloth, flannel, or some woollen substance. Very little benefit will be derived from wearing woollen garments, unless a certain quantity be worn, and that so constructed as shall effectually keep out the cold, and prevent any tendency to shivering. Those persons who would wish to enjoy the advantages arising from being clad in woollen, and which they are capable of deriving, should constantly wear it next the skin, for it is only on the surface of the body that its health-preserving power can be felt. In illustration of this, we shall mention some of the advantages which are derivable from the employment of woollen clothes:—The extreme readiness with which the escape of the perspirable fluid is allowed through its texture; its great influence in the preservation of the sensation of warmth to the skin, under every possible variety of circumstances; there is great difficulty in making it thoroughly wet; as a conductor of heat, it is extremely tardy, whilst its pliancy, softness, and lightness, render it extremely agreeable. With respect to the use of cloth made from cotton, although it differs but little from linen, yet it approaches nearer to the woollen texture, and, consequently, from that circumstance, must be esteemed, and be employed as the next best material of which articles of dress can be constructed. The next in point of excellence is silk, but which is very inferior to the preceding in every respect. If we examine the texture of linen, we shall find it to possess almost the contrary of every one of the properties which we have justly ascribed to that of woollen. The perspirable matter is easily retained in its substance, and becomes speedily imbued in it, thereby creating an unpleasant degree of cold to the surface of the body; it is very readily saturated with moisture, and has another very great disadvantage, which is, that it conducts heat in too rapid a manner. In fact, we think we may justly condemn it as the worst of all the substances employed in dress; for this simple reason, that it is the least qualified to answer the purposes generally intended by clothing. There are many prevailing errors existing, that might be easily remedied with great advantage to the general health; and this arises from the improper adaptation of clothes to the figure of the body, particularly in infants, children, and young females. The first great mistake generally arises from the absurd prejudices of nurses, who overload and bind their unfortunate charges with flannels, stays, swathing-bands, &c., thereby rendering the infant so chilly and tender, that it suffers from, and cannot bear the external air; for common sense informs us that the clothes of children should, in all cases, be proportioned to the climate, and temperature of the atmosphere. If by accident the child is exposed to a refreshing breeze, the consequence oftentimes is, serious inflammatory affection of the eyes, lungs, or bowels; or if the child survive the month, then the opposite extreme is generally resorted to, and thus disease is early engendered in their tender constitutions. Now, it must be born in mind, that a new-born infant, being *naturally warmer* than an adult, requires proportionably less clothing, which should be neatly, but so loosely put on, that the bowels may have room, and the limbs liberty, to act and exert themselves, that the circulation of the blood, through the *superficial vessels*, may not be impeded, nor malformation or unnatural swellings be attributed

to partial compression. The latter we consider as the principal cause of many deformities and distortions, more particularly among females, who suffer more in this respect than males.

When boys escape the nurse's hand, they are in general left to that of nature; but girls are, unfortunately, doomed to be victims of fashion and prejudice, for, as they approach womanhood, they are again put into trammels, in the form of stays. The injurious consequences of this pressure are not directly obvious, but it is to be remembered that they are not the less certain on that account. The unfortunate girl twists and writhes her body almost into contortions, to avoid the pinching which, as a matter of course, must necessarily attend the commencement of wearing stays tightly laced. The posture in which she finds ease is contrary to that ordained by nature, and one which she constantly maintains, until, at last, she cannot procure comfort in any other, even when the pressure is removed that primarily compelled her to assume it. It is in this way that those deformities arise which young and delicate females are mostly subjected to; but, unfortunately, its effects are not noticed, or they have not become sufficient to attract attention, until it is too late to admit the employment of a remedy: and many of our readers will bear in mind several cases of sudden death in young and beautiful females, in consequence of tight lacing, which the newspapers have recently recorded; this, therefore, is a frightful effect produced by the employment of an injudicious article of dress; and those who eventually become mothers suffer more considerably from this cause than many persons may imagine.

WILLIAM AND NANCY.

"Bless was the morn when William left his Nancy,
The fleecy snow frown'd on the whitened shore;
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While she her sailor from her bosom tore."

"I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber toe,"
sang old Joe Jennings, as he swivelled round on his wooden pin, whilst bustling through the comical Jack-in-the-box gate, at the east end of the naval asylum going into Greenwich Park—

"I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber toe."

"And where did you leave your eye, Joe?" "In the Gut of Gibraltar." "Well, Joe, you'll never see double again. Come, let's freshen the nip, my old boy, and spin us a tough yarn. Tell the gemman about Nancy and her husband; my scuppers run over whenever I think of it." "Why, ay, he shall have it, and do you lend me a lift if I should break down, though I don't much fear it. Why, d'ye see, sir, Bill Neville was our messmate, and he used to tell us a little of his history. And so, sir, he was brought up in a country village, and loved his wife when only a little girl; and he went to sea, thinking to make his fortune for her sake. Well, he got to be master of a merchantman, and then they were married. Who can describe the pleasures of that moment when their hands were spliced at the altar, and he hailed her as his own! But he was obliged to sail again. 'Oh!' said Nancy, 'should you never return, what shall I do? where shall I pass—where end my wretched days?' His heart was too full to speak; one hand clasped in hers, the other pointed to the broad expanse where the noon-day sun was shining in meridian splendour. It had a double meaning—Nancy felt it. Well, sir, eighteen months roll'd away, during which, in due time, Nancy brought into the world a dear pledge of affection—a lovely boy. But oh, the agony of the mother, as every day dragged on without intelligence from William! When she looked at the sweet babe—was it indeed fatherless, and she a widow? You'll excuse my stopping, sir, but indeed I can't help it; I've shed tears over it many a time.

"Well, sir, eighteen months was turned, when one morning Nancy arose to pour out her heart before her Maker, and weep over her sleeping child. The sun had just risen above the hills, when a noise in the little garden which fronted the cottage alarmed her. She opened the casement, and, putting aside the woodbine, beheld—delightful yet agonizing sight—her dear, her long-mournd William, handcuffed between two soldiers, while others, with their side-arms drawn, seemed fearful of losing their prey! His face pale, and his emaciated body worn down with fatigue and sickness, his spirit seemed ready to quit its frail mansion, and was only kept to earth by union with his wife. Nancy forgot all, and clasped him in her arms; but the rattling of the irons pierced her soul. I do not mean to condemn the policy, sir; but 'tis a cruel practice, that of pressing. Ah! I well remember it—though I always served my king, God bless him! Yet I've witnessed many an aching heart, and heard many a groan of agony. But to proceed: William was pressed; Nancy hastened into the cottage, and, wrapping the sleeping babe in its blanket, she prepared to accompany them. Cannot you picture to yourself the first glance which the wretched parent cast upon his child? Oh it was a sad sweet joy, that wrung the soul! I shall pass by their meeting, their dear delight, their bitter anguish. If you can feel, it is already engraven on your heart. Suffice it to say, William had been shipwrecked on the African coast, and though he had lost the whole of his property, yet heaven had spared his life, and his the only one. Sickness came on him, and but for the humanity of a poor untutored

negro, he might have breathed his last. She was black, she was a negro, but God searches the heart. He had procured, with much difficulty, a passage home. The ship arrived; he set out, and walked many a weary mile, led on by love and cheered by hope, till the roof of his cottage appeared in view; with hasty step he reached the wicket, when— But I dare not repeat the story. I've told you already he was pressed. Well, he was drafted on board of us, and his dear Nancy permitted to be with him. The evening before the action, she was sitting on the carriage of the bow gun, with her baby cradled in her arms, and William by her side; they were viewing, with admiration and delight, the beautiful scenery displayed by the sinking clouds in a thousand fantastic shapes, tinged with liquid gold streaming from the setting sun, and caressing the little innocent, while all the parent kindled in their hearts. But hark! a hoarse voice is heard from the mast-head—all is hushed. 'Halloo!' said the captain. 'A sail on the larboard bow, sir.' 'What does she look like?' 'I can but just see her, sir, but she looms large.' 'Mr Banks,' said the captain, 'take your glass aloft, and see if you can make out what she is. Call the boatswain, turn the hands up, make sail.' In a moment all was bustle; the topmen were in their station, and every man employed; and in a few minutes every stitch of canvass was stretched upon the yards and booms. The officer that was sent aloft reported it a ship of the line, which looked like a foreigner. Every heart was now elated but Nancy's—it might be an enemy! Oh, that thought was dreadful! And as William conducted her below, the tears chased each other down her pale face, and the heavy sigh burst from her gentle bosom. William mildly reproved her, and, again pointing to heaven, flew to his post. The stranger had hauled to the wind, fired a gun, and hoisted French colours. Up went ours with three cheers; and there's seldom a moment of greater pride to a British tar than when he displays the ensign of his country in presence of the enemy. Three cheers resounded through the ship, and broadside upon broadside shook her groaning timbers. Where was Nancy? William was first in every danger. Three times we boarded the foe, but were repulsed. Dreadful grew the scene of blood and horror through the darkening shades of coming night. No one bore tidings of the fight to Nancy, none, save the poor sailor whose shattered limb came to suffer amputation, or the wounded wretch to be dressed, at which she assisted with fortitude. Two hours had passed in this awful suspense and heart-rending anxiety, when a deep groan and piercing shriek from the lower deck convulsed her frame. She knew the voice, and, snatching the infant in her arms, rushed to the spot. Soon she found the object of her search: his manly form mangled and shattered; that face, once ruddy with the glow of health, now pale and convulsed; the blood streaming from his side and breast! He saw her too. 'Nancy!' said he, and raising his feeble hand pointing to heaven—it fell—and William was no more! Sinking on the lifeless body of her husband, Nancy fainted with the dear babe still in her arms; when, oh mysterious Providence! at that very moment a ball entered through the vessel's side—it pierced her bosom! Need I tell the rest? They were pleasant and lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

[This pathetic story is founded on facts which actually occurred; and there is every reason to believe that the orphan is still alive.]

THE COALSTOUN PEAR.

ONE of the most remarkable curiosities connected with ancient superstitious belief, now to be found in Scotland, is what is commonly known by the name of the *Coalstoun Pear*—an object whose history has attracted no small degree of interest, though little is popularly known regarding it. One of the editors of the present publication thus notices it in the topographical work, entitled "The Picture of Scotland."—"Within sight of the House of Lethington (in Haddingtonshire) stands the mansion-house of Coalstoun, the seat of the ancient family of Brown of Coalstoun, which is now represented by Sir James Brown, Bart., while the estate has come by a series of heirs of line into the possession of the present Countess of Dalhousie. This place is chiefly worthy of attention here, on account of a strange heir-loom, with which the welfare of the family was formerly supposed to be connected. One of the Barons of Coalstoun, about three hundred years ago, married Jean Hay, daughter of John, third Lord Yester, with whom he obtained a dowry, not consisting of such base materials as houses or land, but neither more nor less than a pear. 'Sure such a pear was never seen,' however, as this of Coalstoun, which a remote ancestor of the young lady, famed for his necromantic power, was supposed to have invested with some enchantment that rendered it perfectly invaluable. Lord Yester, in giving away his daughter along with the pear, informed his son-in-law, that, good as the lass might be, her dowry was much better, because, while she could only have value in her own generation, the pear, so long as it was con-

tinued in his family, would be attended with unflinching prosperity, and thus might cause the family to flourish to the end of time. Accordingly, the pear was preserved as a sacred palladium, both by the laird who first obtained it, and by all his descendants; till one of their ladies, taking a longing for the forbidden fruit while pregnant, inflicted upon it a deadly bite; in consequence of which, it is said, several of the best farms on the estate very speedily came to the market. The pear is said to have become stone-hard immediately after the lady bit it; and in this condition, continues the popular story, it remains till this day, with the marks of Lady Brown's teeth indelibly imprinted on it. Whether it be really thus fortified against all further attacks of the kind or not, it is certain that it is now disposed in some secure part of the house (or, as we have been lately informed, in a chest, the key of which is kept secure by the Earl of Dalhousie), so as to be out of all danger whatsoever. The *Coalstoun Pear*, without regard to the superstition attached to it, must be considered a very great curiosity in its way, having, in all probability, existed five hundred years—a greater age than, perhaps, has ever been reached by any other such production of nature."

THE HAVANNAH SHARK.

[This article has been contributed to the Journal by the highly respectable military officer who bore a principal share in the adventure. It will be found, besides its interest in that character, to contain some facts worthy the attention of the naturalist.]

SUBSEQUENT to the disastrous attack on the American lines before New Orleans, on the 8th of January 1815, the army proceeded to Isle Dauphine, in the Gulf of Mexico, where the troops remained until peace was concluded between Great Britain and the United States. As the men had been for several months exposed to severe hardships and many privations, the fleet was ordered, on its way home, to put into different ports, for the purpose of procuring fresh meat and vegetables. The ship I was on board of, with the regiment which I then commanded, belonged to that part of the fleet which touched at the Havannah. The circumstance I am about to relate is the capture of an enormous shark, which created considerable interest at the time. On arriving at the Havannah, I obtained leave from the general officer commanding, to live on shore, for the purpose of seeing something of the island. I generally went on board every morning about 10 o'clock, to give the necessary orders for the regiment. Several of our men had died during the passage to Havannah, and were consigned to the deep in the harbour of that place. One morning when I was writing in the cabin, I heard a sudden running of the men upon deck towards the after part of the vessel, and a serjeant called to me from above to come on deck immediately. Not being exactly aware of what was going on, I drew my sabre, and ran on deck without my cap. I was received with a good laugh by the officers present, and very soon was made aware of the object of the men's curiosity. It was a sight I never can forget. One of our poor fellows had been thrown overboard in the morning, sewed up in his blanket, with a shot inside to sink him. By some accident, the sewing must have been loosened, and, consequently, the body floated; and, just as I came on deck, two enormous sharks made a dash at the body, divided it in two, and disappeared with their spoil. A feeling of horror ran through every spectator. At that instant, a third shark showed himself close to our vessel. I called to the men to keep him alongside, by throwing him pieces of biscuit, at the same time desiring one of them to bring me a musket; on getting which, I fired at the animal, and the men shouted out that the ball had gone clean through him. He gave a flap with his tail, and went down, leaving the water slightly tinged with blood. At this moment, the black who beat the large drum came aft, and said to me, "Major, if you give me leave, I kill him and eat him in five minutes." I told him he should have five dollars for his pains if he kept his word. He immediately produced a shark-hook, baited it with a piece of pork, and, having fastened it to a strong line, threw it high into the air, and let it fall with a splash into the water. The effect was magical. Quick as lightning, two of the sharks were seen making towards the bait, and, in an instant, one of them swallowed it. "Now is the time, grenadier," cried blackie; "clap on the rope-line, and give him plenty o' play." Away went the monster like a whale, but our *Othello's* "occupation was not gone," and he commanded the grenadier, like an experienced general, until his enemy was lying spent and powerless on the surface of the water. A boat was now lowered, and the animal having been hauled alongside, a noose was made on a very thick rope, and he was swung into the air amidst the cheers of the whole fleet, every yard having been manned to witness our proceeding. The tail having been cut, the shark was laid on the deck, and blackie having selected a delicate piece from the shoulder, immediately proceeded to fulfil the latter part of his bargain, by broiling and eating it. The shark measured eleven feet in length, and seven feet across. The liver weighed seventy-three pounds. In the upper jaw were five rows of teeth, and in the under, six rows. I had the satisfaction to see that my aim had been good, as the mark of the ball was about two inches below the dorsal fin, and had gone "clean through," as the men said. Notwithstanding this wound, the voracious creature had returned to the

* From "Greenwich Hospital, a Series of Naval Sketches, descriptive of the Life of a Man-of-War's Man," published by J. Robins & Co., London, and which may be recommended as among the best of this species of work. The illustrations by Cruikshank are excellent.

charge within five minutes. The shark was a female, and had nineteen young ones in her belly when opened. They measured about eighteen inches each. During the time she was alongside, I (as well as two hundred others) had an opportunity of observing the young ones passing in and out of the mother's mouth; they seemed to take refuge there on the least appearance of danger. This fact, I believe, has been doubted by some naturalists. The jaw of this animal is now at Abbotsford, having been sent to the late lamented Sir Walter Scott, by the writer of this account. On the afternoon of the same day, after I had left the ship, the men caught another of the gang, rather longer than the first, and a bullock's hide and horns were found in the stomach. The horns were preserved by the surgeon of the regiment, and appeared, when taken out of the shark, to be quite soft and pulpy.

To account for this rather singular part of the story, I ought to mention that the captain of the vessel had hung several bullock hides on the rigging of the ship, which, producing a bad smell, I ordered them to be thrown overboard on the morning of the day on which the two sharks were killed.

But the most amusing part of the transaction was, that a complaint was made against me by the authorities of the place, for having destroyed two of the "guardians of their harbour." By this, I suppose, they meant, that these large sharks, playing about the mouth of the harbour, prevented a great fry of smaller ones from entering. They certainly were entitled to be considered in something like the light of "Tritons among the minnows."

OLD AND NEW PICTURES.

"Yes, my good fellow, there are tricks in all trades; and in none, perhaps, more than that to which I myself belong." Such was the sententious remark of a London artist, in descending one afternoon on the state of the fine arts in the metropolis. "I make no doubt of the correctness of your observation," I replied; "but, as you know I am quite ignorant of these matters, you will probably favour me with an insight into the legerdemain of your profession." "Oh, nothing more easy," said he; "listen but for a few minutes, and I will tell you what once came under my own observation."

A few years since, a young artist came to London for improvement, and as he had exhibited what were denominated proofs of genius, great hopes were entertained of his acquiring wealth and fame. There came with him a countryman, whose name was George Cranely, and who, having all to hope for, and nothing to lose, was glad of the opportunity to travel under the artist's protection; and, being known to each other from childhood, George was on such terms of respectful intimacy as to appear neither the servant nor the companion of the artist. In one particular alone, there was something like equality: like Roderick Random and his humble companion Strap, they had each their fortunes to make; and Cranely readily agreed to be useful to the artist in every way possible, while looking out for himself.

On the first floor of the house in which they lodged, there resided a Mr Coppenjay, who was said to possess several fine pictures, which the artist naturally desired to see; but, receiving no invitation, the pleasure was delayed. George, not possessing the modesty that withheld the artist, without any invitation inspected all Coppenjay's pictures, and frequently overhauled an illustrated copy of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, during the proprietor's absence. George had also witnessed the taking off of old varnish, and the application of fresh, to some of the "Old Masters;" and as he was on the lookout, he was very attentive to these works of art.

Shortly afterwards, the artist received a note, stating that Mr Coppenjay would be happy to submit for inspection a picture he had recently purchased, and that he would attend the artist's leisure. This was very agreeable to the artist, and the possessor of the pictures was requested to come when it suited himself. Accordingly, he came immediately, bringing his picture. He seated himself, and, casting a look round the room, explained the motive of the visit, spoke slightly of the productions of modern painters, and enthusiastically of the "Old Masters." The artist was surprised at the volubility with which his visitor ran over the names, the characteristics, and the styles of the Italian schools; he was also as well acquainted with the Flemish and Spanish masters. There did not appear any diffidence while expatiating on the sublime and terrible of Michael Angelo, the simple grandeur of Raphael, the taste of Guido, the grace of Parmegiano, the chaste colouring of Titian, the florid of Rubens, the truth of Vandyck, the nature of Murillo; indeed, Mr Coppenjay appeared to have a perfect knowledge of drawing, colour, and effect, with all the peculiarities of mannerism: he was overpowering. The artist sat in silent astonishment and comparative ignorance. What application! thought he; what investigation! what taste! and what judgment! How can these be acquired? A thousand ideas rushed on the artist's mind: he feared to express one, lest he should commit himself. The desire to glean from this learned man's harvest of information, in all humility, presented itself; while collections and galleries were referred to with astonishing accuracy. At length, the eulogist's powers being exhausted, he produced the picture, which, during the oration, he had kept with the back towards the artist.

"There, sir," said its owner; "look at that." The artist's eye, embracing the effect, the colouring, and the drawing, settled on two or three particulars in succession, that gave him uneasiness, because he could discover no evidence of talent; he hesitated. "Take time, sir; I admire the minuteness of your examination; hasty decisions frequently require to be revised."

The artist continued to gaze in a kind of stupor; he thought nothing was so easy as to find fault, and he could see nothing to excite approbation. What to do he knew

not; he wiped his face, and looked again. The subject was the Adoration of the Shepherds, extremely dark in the shades, from age; the principal light on the Infant, and the white drapery on which it lay; the faces of the nearer shepherds in reflected light; the heads of Joseph and an angel or two rather spatty—otherwise, in effect, tolerably good, and suited to the design. Thus far the artist ventured. Coppenjay smiled benignantly. "Look into the picture, sir," said he; "beauties that develop themselves slowly are the delicate and estimable."

The young and inexperienced artist thought only of extricating himself from his unpleasant situation, till he was urged to give his opinion. "Well, sir," said he, "I have examined the picture, but cannot find what I am led to think you have: perhaps it arises from my incompetency to judge of a picture so injured by time."

The exhibitor again smiled. "The character and the expression are obvious," said he. "A painting should have something of the ideal, depending on a happy selection of parts, originating in beautiful nature, and judiciously uniting with high art for the general effect. When thus choice and execution are successfully displayed, the result is excellence."

The artist heard, and reflected. He knew that he who prefers quiet should not struggle to render himself conspicuous, and felt an inclination to decline saying more on the subject, since it is a degree of virtue to suspect our own judgments; but, on being urged, he ventured to say, he thought the expression rather extravagant, the light too scattered, and the effect deficient, in the placid solemnity suited to adoration.

"Ha! ha! I see," said Coppenjay; you are not well acquainted with the works of the Old Masters."

The artist bowed. "Well, sir," continued he, "I have studied them; the knowledge and judgment I possess direct me to declare that picture one of the happiest efforts of genius that ever quitted an easel. You do not think with me; but when you shall have travelled for, sought after, and have discovered what is great in art, your opinions respecting the Old Masters will undergo a revolution: for the present, I take my leave." Then, as if recollecting himself, the picture-dealer said, "I think we might be useful to each other. I have several pictures that have sustained injuries of various kinds. Lining, cleaning, and varnishing, I do in my own peculiar mode; but I frequently require the assistance of some one, to scumble down certain parts into keeping, assist the lights, and to harmonize with judgment."

"I," replied the artist, "do not understand the mode of restoring the lost tints of a good picture, and I should not like to employ myself on a bad one."

"Poh! sir," interrupted his companion; "if a small part of original tint remain, could you not match it? and, if not, could you not adapt one to suit the general tone of the picture? Could you not catch the peculiarity of touch, or imitate the mannerism of any master with a little application? It might pay you well."

"I could not do this," said the artist, "without much study, and I would rather follow nature, because there I should improve. By following the manner of any artist, I should ever be behind."

"Good morning," said Mr Coppenjay, as he retired with his picture.

The example of knavery thus displayed was not lost on young Cranely. Next day his friend the artist found him scouring away on a small old picture on panel, and, by his side, a little trunk, in which were requisites for his new profession. There was spirits of wine to take off the old varnish; pumice-stone and powder, to scrub off the oil where it had changed the surface; gold-size, to give a grain to crude masses; ultramarine, to scumble over skies and distances; yellow lake and burnt sienna, to scumble over foregrounds; liquorice-water and gall, to give the stain of antiquity, called a harmonizer; and others, the uses of which George had been clever enough to pick up. "Why, George," said the artist, "you are starting into perfection as a restorer!" "Ay, Sir, you may laugh, but I shall do the trick. I shall keep moving, and time will show," replied George.

A few years passed; they had lost sight of each other, but, meeting by accident, George prevailed on the artist to accompany him home, that a proof of his correctness of view might be exhibited. The artist was astonished. He very clearly saw that George, by studying "the Old Masters" in a particular way, had realized more pounds than he himself, by great application, had obtained shillings. "Now, my dear Cranely," said the artist, "if I may be thus familiar with you, while I am gratified in seeing you successful in life, you must forgive my feeling contempt for the means." "I know your opinions," replied his more polished friend; "they may be correct, and I respect them; my pursuits are to me valuable, and therefore I adopt them." "They are, my good fellow," said the artist, "a series of deceptions; fallacies which are listened to by the uninformed, who are duped; and believed by the credulous, who are plundered." George nodded, and the artist continued. "That pictures of great merit have occasionally passed through the hands of dealers, is true; for such, there could be no necessity to puff, nor difficulty in obtaining a purchaser. But the studios of Italy and of Holland furnish a constant supply of newly-made Old Masters, and old-made New Masters, all mischievous in proportion to their means of obliterating a knowledge of the great masters whose names they assume; and they are injurious to the extent they occupy; for their places might be filled by productions of the rising, or more elevated talent of our native country. And who has contributed to a result so opposed to the dictates of common sense? Certainly not those possessed of taste or judgment; but, since it has occurred amongst those said to be the most thinking people, the error will not be of long continuance." George smiled; the artist proceeded. "A sadly damaged and miserably restored old canvass, sanctioned by the praises of a dealer, has often found a place in a noble collection, as a production of some great master who conferred an honour on the age in which he lived, but who would feel disgraced by the thing as it appears in the present day. To

repaint the perished parts of an old picture, is not restoring it, if restoration means the producing of its original excellence. West is said to have repaired some celebrated old pictures, but this was the employ of kindred talent in cases where injury had occurred by accident, and every way justifiable. Were Raphael to revisit his painting-room, he could not restore one of his own pictures. If such reproductions could be accomplished, the magnificent works of the Grecian artists would not have been lost in the common decay of perishable matter.

The Roman artists would gladly have preserved the pictures of Apelles, had it been practicable. It remained for the age in which picture-dealers should attain commanding influence, that such impossibility could be undertaken, and presumed to be accomplished.

George affected to smile; the artist continued. "The French have struggled hard in the work of preservation; they have cleaned, lined, transferred from one basis to another, varnished, scumbled over masses on some pictures, and repainted on the lights of others. It would be edifying to hear what the Old Masters would say, could they inspect these mangled remains." Cranely laughed outright. "Yet," continued the artist, "the endeavour to preserve from destruction any work of art is praiseworthy, and, to a certain extent, may be adopted, by careful lining and judicious application of varnish. Nevertheless," said Cranely, who began to feel uncomfortable under a lecture which, by insinuation, accused him of knavery, "pictures of the Italian school are often repaired, to the satisfaction of judges." "Ay," said the artist, "that means no more than that they have been repaired as well as could be expected; but that was not restoring those pictures. Restoration is impossible. Improper varnish has expedited the ruin of many a picture on panel, by cracking on its surface, which, opening in forms resembling a spider's web, no longer protects the colour beneath. This is very injurious, particularly in the shades where the colour is thin. Exposure on a damp or unsound wall hastens the decomposition of canvass—destruction frequently commences from behind. The air insinuates itself through a thousand minute apertures, staining their edges, till the painting appears like a piece of Moaic workmanship. Effect of heat from the sun is slow in its progress, but it causes the varnish and colour to shrink from the canvass, giving an appearance of shagreen in different degrees of roughness and blackness. These are a few operations of that silent agent which is resolving all into dust; all we can do is to give them a little protracted oblivion, and with this we should be satisfied." George shook his head.

"Why," continued the artist, "facts are stubborn things; and your experience must have taught you that to attempt more is to fail, to promise more is to deceive; therefore, reform it altogether, and leave such disgraceful dealings to those who possess neither taste, truth, nor love of country." The friend whom he thus lectured shrugged up his shoulders. "Ay," said he, "that is all very fine talking. You must excuse my remaining a dealer in old pictures a few years longer, and then, if I can afford to have a conscience, I shall certainly revert to my original simplicity; but, pardon me for the present; the richer part of the English nation have a rage for the things which I manufacture. I need their money, and supply their wants; and what need there be any further philosophising on the subject?"

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LOTT CARY.

In a former number of the Journal, we presented a sketch of the rise and prospects of the American Colonization Society, established for the purpose of colonizing the black population of the United States on the newly-founded colony of Liberia, on the coast of Africa. The comparative success which has attended this philanthropic, and—as regards the States—salutary project, has been, it seems, partly produced by the efforts of some of the civilized blacks themselves, who have, in various instances, warmly seconded the views of the society. It is very pleasing to find the descendants of native Africans—men born in slavery, with skins of the darkest hue, and whose moral culture has been totally and wilfully neglected—occasionally, by the efforts of that native genius which the Creator has not limited to any particular race of men, shining forth among their fellows, and in their conduct setting an example even to their white and more favoured brethren.

In the United States of America an instance occurred during last century of a coloured man shewing extraordinary mental abilities. His name was Richard Banneker, and he belonged to Maryland. He was altogether self-taught, and having directed his attention to the study of astronomy, his calculations were so thorough and exact as to excite the approbation of such men as Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent men, and an almanack which he composed was produced in the House of Commons, as an argument in favour of the mental cultivation of coloured people, and of their liberation from their wretched thralldom.

The object of the present sketch is, however, one of a still more interesting character, inasmuch as he was immediately connected with the scheme of colonizing the coast of Africa with persons of his own colour. This self-taught African genius was named Lott Cary. He was born a slave in Charles city county, about thirty miles below Richmond, Virginia, on the estate of Mr William A. Christian. He was the only child of parents who were themselves slaves, but, it appears, of a pious turn of mind; and though he had no instruction from books, it may be supposed that the admonitions of his father and

mother may have laid the foundations of his future usefulness. In the year 1804, the young slave was sent to Richmond, and hired out by the year as a common labourer, at a warehouse in the place. While in this employment, he happened to hear a sermon, which implanted in his uncultivated mind a strong desire to be able to read, chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with the nature of certain transactions recorded in the New Testament. Having, somehow, procured a copy of this work, he commenced learning his letters, by trying to read the chapter he had heard illustrated in the sermon; and by dint of perseverance, and the kind assistance of young gentlemen who called at the warehouse, he was in a little time able to read, which gave him great satisfaction. This acquisition immediately created in him a desire to be able to write; an accomplishment he soon also mastered. He now became more useful to his employers, by being able to check and superintend the shipping of tobacco; and having, in the course of time, saved the sum of 850 dollars, or nearly £170 sterling, he purchased his own freedom and that of two children, left him on the death of his first wife. "Of the real value of his services while in this employment (says the author of the American publication from whence these facts are extracted), it has been remarked, that no one but a dealer in tobacco can form an idea. Notwithstanding the hundreds of hogsheads which were committed to his charge, he could produce any one the moment it was called for; and the shipments were made with a promptness and correctness such as no person, white or coloured, has equalled in the same situation. The last year in which he remained in the warehouse, his salary was 800 dollars. For his ability in his work, he was highly esteemed and frequently rewarded by the merchant with a five dollar bank note. He was also allowed to sell, for his own benefit, many small parcels of damaged tobacco. It was by saving the little sums obtained in this way, with the aid of subscriptions by the merchants, to whose interests he had been attentive, that he was enabled to purchase the freedom of his family. When the colonists were fitted out for Africa, he was enabled to bear a considerable part of his own expenses. He also purchased a house and some land in Richmond. It is said, that while employed at the warehouse, he often devoted his leisure time to reading, and that a gentleman, on one occasion, taking up a book, which he had left for a few moments, found it to be 'Smith's Wealth of Nations.'"

As early as the year 1815, this intelligent emancipated slave began to feel special interest in the cause of African missions, and contributed, probably, more than any other person, in giving origin and character to the African Missionary Society, established during that year in Richmond. His benevolence was practical, and whenever and wherever good objects were to be effected, he was ready to lend his aid. Mr Cary was among the earliest emigrants to Africa. Here he saw before him a wide and interesting field, demanding various and powerful talents, and the most devoted piety. His intellectual ability, firmness of purpose, unbending integrity, correct judgment, and disinterested benevolence, soon placed him in a conspicuous station, and gave him wide and commanding influence. Though naturally diffident and retiring, his worth was too evident to allow of his remaining in obscurity. The difficulties which were encountered in founding a settlement at Cape Monserado were appalling, and it was proposed on one occasion that the emigrants should remove to Sierra Leone, whose climate is of the most destructive character; but the resolution of Lott Cary to remain was not shaken, and his decision had no small effect towards inducing others to imitate his example. In the event, they suffered severely. More than eight hundred natives attacked them in November 1822, but were repulsed; and a few weeks later, a body of fifteen hundred attacked them again at day-break; several of the colonists were killed and wounded; but with no more than thirty-seven effective men and boys, and the aid of a small piece of artillery, they again achieved a victory over the natives. In these scenes, the intrepid Cary necessarily bore a conspicuous part. In one of his letters, he remarks, that, like the Jews in rebuilding their city, they had to toil with their arms beside them, and rest upon their arms every night; but he declared after this, in the most emphatic terms, that "there never had been an hour or a minute, no, not even when the balls were flying round his head, when he could wish himself back in America again."

The peculiar exposure of the early emigrants, the scantiness of their supplies, and the want of adequate medical attention, subjected them to severe and complicated sufferings. To relieve, if possible, these sufferings, Mr Cary obtained all the information in his power concerning the diseases of the climate, and the proper remedies. He made liberal sacrifices of his property in behalf of the poor and distressed, and devoted his time almost exclusively to the relief of the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted. His services as a physician to the colony were invaluable, and were, for a long time, rendered without hope of reward. But amid his multiplied cares and efforts for the colony, he never forgot or neglected to promote the joint cause of civilization and christianity among the natives.

In 1806, Mr Cary was elected vice-agent of the colony, and he discharged the duties of that important

office till his death, which occurred in 1828, in the most melancholy manner. One evening, while he and several others were engaged in making cartridges in the old agency house at Monrovia—the chief town in the settlement—in preparation to defend the rights of the colony against a slave-trader, a candle appears to have accidentally overturned, which caught some loose powder, and almost instantaneously reached the entire ammunition, producing an explosion which resulted in the death of eight persons. Mr Cary survived for two days.—Such was the unfortunate death of this active coloured apostle of civilization on the coast of Africa, where his memory will continue long to be cherished. The career which he pursued, and the intelligence which marked his character, might prove, to the satisfaction of all impartial thinkers, that the miserable race of blacks is not destitute of moral worth and innate genius, and that their culture would liberally produce an abundant harvest of the best principles and their results, which dignify human nature.

WATERTON'S ACCOUNT OF THE SLOTH.

THE character and habits of that singular animal, the Sloth, according to Charles Waterton, the enthusiastic traveller in the wilds of South America, have been strangely misrepresented by naturalists. "This singular animal (says he) is destined by nature to be produced, to live, and to die, in the trees. He is a scarce and solitary animal, and, being good food, he is never allowed to escape. He inhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly-stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps, and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the steps of civilized men. This, then, is the proper place to go in quest of the Sloth. We will first take a new view of him. By obtaining a knowledge of his anatomy, we will be enabled to account for his movements. His fore-legs, or, more correctly speaking, his arms, are apparently much too long, while his hind-legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a corkscrew. Both the fore and hind legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from acting in a perpendicular direction, or in supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported, by their legs. Hence, when you place him on the floor, his belly touches the ground. Now, granted that he supported himself on his legs like other animals, nevertheless he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp and long, and curved; so that, were his body supported by his feet, it would be by their extremities, just as your body would be, were you to throw yourself on all-fours, and try to support it on the ends of your toes and fingers. Were the floor of a polished surface, the sloth would actually be quite stationary; but as the ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, or roots of grass, this just suits the Sloth, and he moves his fore-legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of; and when he has succeeded, he pulls himself forwards, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but, at the same time, in so tardy and awkward a manner, as to acquire him the name of the Sloth. Indeed, his looks and his gestures evidently betray his uncomfortable situation; and as a sigh every now and then escapes him, we may be entitled to conclude that he is actually in pain.

"Some years ago I kept a Sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house, and placed him upon the ground, in order to have an opportunity of observing his motions. If the ground were rough, he would pull himself forwards by means of his fore-legs, at a pretty good pace; and he invariably shaped his course towards the nearest tree. His favourite abode was the back of a chair; and after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often, with a low and inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him. The Sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in the trees, and never leaves them but through force, or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees; still these change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience; but the Sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees; and, what is more extraordinary, not upon the branches, like the squirrel and the monkey, but under them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different formation from that of any other known quadruped. Hence, his seemingly bungled conformation is at once accounted for; and in lieu of the Sloth leading a painful life, and entailing a melancholy and miserable existence on its progeny, it is but fair to surmise that it just enjoys life as much as any other animal, and that its extraordinary formation and singular habits are but farther proofs to engage us to admire the wonderful works of Omnipotence.

"It must be observed, that the Sloth does not hang head-downwards, like the vampire. When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth. He first seizes the branch with one arm, and then with the other; and after that, brings up both his

legs, one by one, to the same branch, so that all the four are in a line: he seems perfectly at rest in this position. As the Sloth is an inhabitant of forests within the tropics, where the trees touch each other in the greatest profusion, there seems to be no reason why he should confine himself to one tree alone for food, and entirely strip it of its leaves. During the many years I have ranged the forests, I have never seen a tree in such a state of nudity; indeed, I would hazard a conjecture, that by the time the animal has finished the last of the old leaves, there would be a new crop on the part of the tree he had stripped first, ready for him to begin again, so quick is the process of vegetation in these countries." In an experiment tried by the traveller of putting a dog to death by means of the exceedingly subtle wourali poison, made by the South American Indians, "some faint resistance on the part of nature (says he) was observed, as I existence struggled for superiority; but in the folk ring instance of the Sloth, life sunk in death without the least apparent contention, without a cry, without a struggle, and without a groan. This was the Ai, or three-toed Sloth. It was in the possession of a gentleman who was collecting curiosities. He wished to have it killed, in order to preserve the skin, and the wourali poison was resorted to as the easiest death. Of all animals, not even the toad and tortoise excepted, this poor ill-formed creature is the most tenacious of life. It exists long after it has received wounds which would have destroyed any other animal; and it may be said, on seeing a mortally wounded Sloth, that life disputes with death every inch of flesh in its body. The Ai was wounded in the leg, and put down on the floor, about two feet from the table; it contrived to reach the leg of the table, and fastened itself on it, as if wishing to ascend. But this was its last advancing step; life was ebbing fast, though imperceptibly; nor could this singular production of nature, which has been formed of a texture to resist death in a thousand shapes, make any stand against the wourali poison. First, one fore-leg let go its hold, and dropped down motionless by its side; the other gradually did the same. The fore-legs having now lost their strength, the Sloth slowly doubled its body, and placed its head betwixt its hind-legs, which still adhered to the table; but when the poison had affected these also, it sunk to the ground, but sunk so gently, that you could not distinguish the movement from an ordinary motion; and had you been ignorant that it was wounded with a poisoned arrow, you would never have suspected that it was dying. During the tenth minute from the time it was wounded, it stirred, and that was all; and the minute after, life's last spark was out."

EFFECTS OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTS, TRADES, AND PROFESSIONS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE next division of the labouring class that comes under the attention of Mr Thackrah, in his ingenious work entitled "The Effects of the Principal Arts, Trades, and Professions, on Health and Longevity," is that in which the employments are carried on in an atmosphere confined and impure.

"Though all inhabitants of large towns (he proceeds) suffer in a greater or less degree from the impurity of the atmosphere, yet it is obvious that those who are most crowded together will be chiefly affected, particularly if ventilation be imperfect. A serious addition to the evils of a confined atmosphere is the defect of muscular exercise. Certain classes of muscles are for twelve or fourteen hours a-day scarcely moved, and postures maintained injurious to the proper actions of the internal organs.

TAILORS are very unfortunately situated in this respect. Sitting all day in a confined atmosphere, and often in a room too crowded, with the legs crossed, and the spine bowed, they cannot have respiration, circulation, or digestion well performed. The employment, we must admit, produces few acute diseases. But disorders of the stomach and bowels are general, and often obstinate. Pulmonary consumption is also frequent. Some of the men state their liability to pains of the chest; but the majority make no complaint. It is nevertheless apparent, even from observing only the expression of countenance, the complexion, and the gait, that the functions of the stomach and the heart are greatly impaired, even in those who consider themselves well. We see no plump and rosy tailors; none of fine form and strong muscle. The spine is generally curved. The reduction in the circumference of the chest is not so much as we might expect. The average of our measurements presented 33 to 34 inches, while that of other artisans is about 36. The capacity of the lungs, as evinced by measuring the air thrown out at an expiration, is not less than common. The average of six individuals was seven pints, two-thirds. The prejudicial influence of their employ is more insidious than urgent; it undermines rather than destroys life. Apprenticed at an early age, tailors have their constitution modified to their employment. But its native vigour, drawn off in youth to this adaptation of organs to external circumstances, gradually declines, and finally ceases before the natural termination of life. Of 22 of the workmen employed in Leeds, not one had attained the age of 60; 2 had passed 50; and of the rest, not more than two had reached 40. We heard of an instance or two of great age, but the individuals had lived chiefly in the country. The evils attendant on the employment are in many cases greatly aggravated by bad habits. Like other men whom circumstances have physically depressed, the tailor often seeks the baneful comfort of ale and ardent spirit. The time of relief from work is generally

spent, not in invigorating the animal frame, but in aggravating his complaints, and converting functional into organic disease.

Can we correct these evils? The position of the tailor might be amended. He now sits cross-legged on a board; because in the ordinary sitting posture he could not hold a heavy piece of cloth high enough for his eyes to direct his needle. Let a hole be made in the board of the circumference of his body, and let his seat be placed below it. The eyes and the hands will then be sufficiently near his work; his spine will not be unnaturally bent, and his chest and abdomen will be free.

STAY-MAKERS are exposed, though in less degree, to the same physical evils as the tailors. We do not find, however, that they are equally intemperate. Though health is impaired by confinement, life is not apparently shortened. Among the few stay-makers who live in Leeds, there are several instances of considerable age.

MILLINERS, DRESS-MAKERS, and STRAW-BONNET-MAKERS are often crowded in apartments of disproportionate size, and kept at work for an improper length of time. Their ordinary hours are ten or twelve in the day, but they are confined not unfrequently from five or six in the morning till twelve at night. The bent posture in which they sit, tends to injure the digestive organs, as well as the circulation and the breathing. Hence girls from the country, fresh-looking and robust, soon become pale and thin. The constant direction of the eyes also to minute work, affects these organs. Sometimes it induces slight ophthalmia (*inflammation of the eyes*), and sometimes at length a much more serious disease, palsy of the optic nerve (*and consequently blindness*). In stoving straw-bonnets, sulphur is largely used. The fumes, in some houses, spread through every apartment, and the inmates even sleep in an atmosphere impregnated with these offensive vapours! Sulphurous gas, I need scarcely add, greatly affects respiration. It induces at the time a violent cough, and the irritation, if frequently repeated, tends to the development of pulmonary disease. Might not the sulphurous fumes be absorbed or confined in the process? Water in a large shallow dish would take up a considerable proportion. A small out building for the operation would be a more decisive remedy. This indeed is used by some straw-bonnet-makers. Remedies for the other evils to which this class is exposed are obvious—ventilation, reduction of the hours of work, and brisk exercise in the open air. The great cause of the ill-health of females who make ladies' dresses, is the lowliness of their wages. To obtain a livelihood, they are obliged to work in excess.

WEAVERS have a confined atmosphere, and, though the limbs are fully exercised, the trunk is kept comparatively fixed, and the chest is not expanded. This stooping, however, is somewhat diminished by the mode of casting the shuttle with a string, instead of the hand. When weaving is carried on at home, the rooms are often small and ill ventilated; and among the Irish we find a sad want of cleanliness. Fever is rather frequent among weavers, but other acute diseases are rare; the men, however, seldom enjoy health. Digestion is imperfect, asthma and other affections of the chest are common. They complain of the smell from the oil-lamps. This no doubt annoys the lungs, but their reduction of health is attributable chiefly to the confinement. The susceptibility to fever may arise from the frequent defect of proper nourishment. The weavers of stuffs have low wages, and are often out of employ. There are more old men in the occupation of weaving than in most others.

SHOEMAKERS, it is well known, are placed in a very bad posture—a posture second only to that of the tailors. The abdominal viscera, and especially the stomach and liver, are compressed. Lads put to this employ often suffer so much from head-ache and general indisposition, that they are obliged to leave it; and men who have been able to bear it for years, lose appetite and strength. Digestion and circulation are so much impaired, that the countenance would mark a shoemaker almost as well as a tailor. We suppose that, from the reduction of perspiration and other evacuations, in this and similar employments, the blood is impure, and, consequently, the complexion darkened. The secretion of bile is generally unhealthy, and bowel complaints are frequent. The capacity of the lungs in the individuals examined we found to average six and one-third, and the circumference of the chest 35 inches. In the few shoemakers who live to old age, there is often a remarkable hollow at the base of the breast bone, occasioned by the pressure of the last. Are shoemakers subject to popliteal aneurism, or a swelling of the artery in the ham? Morgagni asserts this; but I am not aware that a similar observation is now made. Much as posture injures shoemakers, bad habits injure more. Working late on Saturday night, they often lie in bed all Sunday morning, lounge in listlessness during the afternoon, drink all Monday, are sick and taking physic on Tuesday, and return to work on Wednesday.

CURRIERS and LEATHER-DRESSERS are subjected to no injurious agent, except the bent posture in the process of "shaving." This affects the head. The smell of the leather produces no disagreeable effect. The men are generally very healthy, and a considerable proportion live to old age.

SADDLERS are obliged to lean forwards, and are confined to this position. Hence they are subject to head-ache and indigestion.

PRINTERS are kept in a confined atmosphere, and generally want exercise. Pressmen, however, have good and varied labour. Compositors are often subjected to injury from the types. These, a compound of lead and antimony, emit, when heated, a fume which affects respiration, and are said also to produce partial palsy of the hands. Among the printers, however, of whom we have inquired, care is generally taken to avoid composing till the types are cold, and thus no injury is sustained. The constant application of the eyes to minute objects gradually enfeebles these organs. The standing posture long maintained here, as well as in other occupations, tends to injure the digestive organs. Some printers complain of disorder of the stomach and head; and few appear to enjoy full health. Consumption is frequent. We can

scarcely find or hear of any compositor above the age of 50. In many towns printers are intemperate.

BOOKBINDERS and POCKET-BOOK-MAKERS are similar employments. The work is remarkably easy, and keeps no muscles fixed, nor demands excessive action from any. The workmen suffer no annoyance, but they are often very dissipated. One master informed us that several of his people have died from consumption. This, however, I should attribute, not to the employ, but to intemperance.

CARVERS and GILDERS are kept in a confined atmosphere, and often for long periods in a leaning posture. Hence they sometimes suffer from headache. Though the pallid appearance, general among these workmen, indicates a reduction of health and vigour, life is not abbreviated in a marked degree.

CLOCKMAKERS have little objectionable in their occupation; for though the making and fitting up are carried on in the house, the posture is varied, and the men are frequently travelling to repair clocks in the country. They are generally healthy, and attain often advanced life. WATCHMAKERS have a much worse employ. They sit all day with the trunk bent forward. The digestive organs almost always suffer, and the lungs are sometimes affected. The close and continued application also greatly injures the eyes. Many youths apprenticed to watch-making are obliged to leave the employ, and the individuals who remain rarely live to old age.

SMITHS have an employment remarkably conducive to muscular power. The use of the large hammer powerfully excites all the muscles, and especially those of the arms, throwing on them a large supply of blood, and, consequently, producing their enlargement. Exertion like this, moreover, has a considerable effect on the circulation in general, and the functions with which it is connected. For youths of strong constitution no labour is better than that of the smith. For those, however, naturally delicate, the exertion is too great, and young men of scrofulous constitution are particularly liable to sink under the employ. Smiths are subjected to high temperature, and frequent changes of temperature, but with no obvious injury. They are rarely affected with rheumatism and catarrh. The employ subjects the eye to the annoyance of smoke, and to excitement from the glow of the heated iron. But our examination of the smiths in this neighbourhood does not prove them subject to ophthalmia (*inflammation of the eyes*); nor does it show that vision is impaired by the excitement of the retina (*nerve coat of the eye*). When smiths are ill, the cause is most frequently intemperance. They do not, however, arrive at great age.

CABINET-MAKERS are generally healthy, though employed within doors. The labour is good; and there is no hurtful accompaniment, with the exception of the dust which is produced by sawing certain kinds of wood.

THE LONE INDIAN.

"A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again."

BRYANT.

POWONTONAMO was the son of a mighty chief. He looked on his tribe with such a fiery glance, that they called him the Eagle of the Mohawks. His eye never blinked in the sunbeam, and he leaped along the chase like the untiring waves of the Niagara. Even when a little boy, his tiny arrow would hit the frisking squirrel in the ear, and bring down the humming bird on her rapid wing. He was his father's pride and joy. He loved to toss him high in his sinewy arms, and shout "Look, Eagle-eye, look! and see the big hunting grounds of the Mohawks! Powontonomo will be their chief. The winds will tell his brave deeds. When men speak of him, they will not speak loud; but as if the Great Spirit had breathed in thunder."

The prophecy was fulfilled. When Powontonomo became a man, the fame of his beauty and courage reached the tribes of Illinois; and even the distant Osage showed his white teeth with delight, when he heard the wild deeds of the Mohawk Eagle. Yet was his spirit frank, chivalrous, and kind. When the white men came to buy land, he met them with an open palm, and spread his buffalo for the traveller. The old chiefs loved the bold youth, and offered their daughters in marriage. The eyes of the young Indian girls sparkled when he looked on them; but he treated them all with the stern indifference of a warrior, until he saw Soonsetah raise her long dark eyelash. Then his heart melted beneath the beaming glance of beauty. Soonsetah was the fairest of the Oneidas. The young men of her tribe called her the Sunny-eye. She was smaller than her nation usually are; and her slight graceful figure was so elastic in its motions, that the tall grass would rise up and shake off its dew-drops, after her pretty moccasins had pressed it. Many a famous chief had sought her love; but when they brought the choicest furs, she would smile disdainfully, and say, "Soonsetah's foot is warm. Has not her father an arrow?" When they offered her food, according to the Indian custom, her answer was, "Soonsetah has not seen all the warriors. She will eat with the bravest." The hunters told the young Eagle that Sunny-eye of Oneida was beautiful as the bright birds in the hunting land beyond the sky; but that her heart was proud, and she said the great chiefs were not good enough to dress venison for her. When Powontonomo listened to these accounts, his lip would curl slightly, as he threw back his fur-edged mantle, and placed his firm, springy foot forward, so that the beads and shells of his rich moccasin might be seen to vibrate at every sound of his tremendous war-song. If there were vanity in the act, there was likewise becoming pride. Soonsetah heard of his haughty smile, and resolved in her own heart that no Oneida should

sit beside her, till she had seen the chieftain of the Mohawks. Before many moons had passed away, he sought her father's wigwam, to carry delicate furs and shining shells to the young coquette of the wilderness. She did not raise her bright melting eye to his, when he came near her; but when he said, "will the Sunny-eye look on the gift of a Mohawk? his barbed arrow is swift; his foot never turned from the foe;" the colour on her brown cheek was glowing as an autumnal twilight. Her voice was like the troubled note of the wren, as she answered, "the furs of Powontonomo are soft and warm to the foot of Soonsetah. She will weave the shells in the wampum belt of the Mohawk Eagle." The exulting lover sat by her side, and offered her venison and parched corn. She raised her timid eye, as she tasted the food; and then the young Eagle knew that Sunny-eye would be his wife.

There were feasting and dancing, and the marriage song rang merrily in Mohawk cabins, when the Oneida came among them. Powontonomo loved her as his own heart's blood. He delighted to bring her the fattest deers of the forest, and load her with the ribbons and beads of the English. The prophets of his people liked it not that the strangers grew so numerous in the land. They shook their heads mournfully, and said, "the moose and the beaver will not live within sound of the white man's gun. They will go beyond the lakes, and the Indians must follow their trail." But the young chief laughed them to scorn. He said, "the land is very big. The mountain eagle could not fly over it in many days. Surely the wigwams of the English will never cover it." Yet when he held his son in his arms, as his father had done before him, he sighed to hear the strokes of the axe levelling the old trees of his forests. Sometimes he looked sorrowfully on his baby boy, and thought he had perchance done him much wrong, when he smoked a pipe in the wigwam of the stranger.

One day, he left his home before the grey mist of morning had gone from the hills, to seek food for his wife and child. The polar star was bright in the heavens ere he returned; yet his hands were empty. The white man's gun had scared the beasts of the forest, and the arrow of the Indian was sharpened in vain. Powontonomo entered his wigwam with a cloudy brow. He did not look at Soonsetah; he did not speak to her boy; but, silent and sullen, he sat leaning on the head of his arrow. He wept not, for an Indian may not weep; but the muscles of his face betrayed the struggle within his soul. The Sunny-eye approached fearfully, and laid her little hand upon his brawny shoulder, as she asked, "why is the Eagle's eye on the earth? What has Soonsetah done, that her child dare not look in the face of his father?" Slowly the warrior turned his gaze upon her. The expression of sadness deepened, as he answered, "the Eagle has taken a snake to his nest: how can his young sleep in it?" The Indian boy, all unconscious of the forebodings which stirred his father's spirit, moved to his side, and peeped up in his face with a mingled expression of love and fear.

The heart of the generous savage was full, even to bursting. His hand trembled, as he placed it on the sleek black hair of his only son. "The Great Spirit bless thee! The Great Spirit bless thee, and give thee back the hunting ground of the Mohawk!" he exclaimed. Then folding him, for an instant, in an almost crushing embrace, he gave him to his mother, and darted from the wigwam.

Two hours he remained in the open air, but the clear breath of heaven brought no relief to his noble and suffering soul. Wherever he looked abroad, the ravages of the civilized destroyer met his eye. Where were the trees, under which he had frolicked in infancy, sported in boyhood, and rested after the fatigues of the battle? They formed the English boat, or lined the English dwelling. Where were the holy sacrifice-heaps of his people? The stones were taken to fence in the land, which the intruder dared to call his own. Where was his father's grave? The stranger's road passed over it, and his cattle trampled on the ground where the mighty Mohawk slumbered. Where was his once powerful tribe? Alas, in the white man's wars they joined with the British, in the vain hope of recovering their lost privileges. Hundreds had gone to their last home; others had joined distant tribes; and some pitiful wretches, whom he scorned to call brethren, consented to live on the white man's bounty. These were corroding reflections; and well might fierce thoughts of vengeance pass through the mind of the deserted prince; but he was powerless now; and the English swarmed like vultures around the dying. "It is the work of the Great Spirit," said he. "The Englishman's god made the Indian's heart afraid; and now he is like a wounded buffalo, when hungry wolves are on his trail."

When Powontonomo returned to his hut, his countenance, though severe, was composed. He spoke to the Sunny-eye with more kindness than the savage generally addresses the wife of his youth; but his look told her that she must not ask the grief which had put a woman's heart within the breast of the far-famed Mohawk Eagle.

The next day, when the young chieftain went out on a hunting expedition, he was accosted by a rough, square-built farmer. "Powow," said he, "you squaw has been stripping a dozen of my trees, and I don't like it over much." It was a moment when the Indian could ill brook a white man's insolence. "Listen, Buffalo-head," shouted he; and as he spoke,

he seized the shaggy pate of the unconscious offender, and eyed him with the concentrated venom of an ambushed rattlesnake. "Listen to the chief of the Mohawks. These broad lands are all his own. When the white man first left his cursed foot-print in the forest, the Great Bear looked down upon the big tribes of Iroquois and Abniquis. The wigwams of the noble Delawares were thick, where the soft winds dwell. The rising sun glanced on the fierce Pequods; and the Illinois, the Miamies, and warlike tribes, like the hairs of your head, marked his going down. Had the red man struck you then, your tribes would have been as dry grass to the lightning! Go—shall the Sunny-eye of Oneida ask the pale face for a basket?" He breathed out a quick, convulsive laugh, and his white teeth showed through his parted lips, as he shook the farmer from him, with the strength and fury of a raging panther.

After that, his path was unmolested, for no one dared to awaken his wrath; but a smile never again visited the dark countenance of the degraded chief. The wild beasts had fled so far from the settlements, that he would hunt days and days without success. Soonsetah sometimes begged him to join the remnant of Oneidas, and persuade them to go far off, toward the setting sun. Powontonomo replied, "this is the burial-place of my fathers!" and the Sunny-eye dared say no more.

At last, their boy sickened and died of a fever he had taken among the English. They buried him beneath a spreading oak, on the banks of the Mohawk, and heaped stones upon his grave, without a tear. "He must lie near the water," said the desolate chief, "else the white man's horses will tread on him."

The young mother did not weep, but her heart had received its death-wound. The fever seized her, and she grew paler and weaker every day. One morning, Powontonomo returned with some delicate food he had been seeking for her. "Will Soonsetah eat?" said he. He spoke in a tone of subdued tenderness; but she answered not. The foot which was wont to bound forward to meet him, lay motionless and cold. He raised the blanket which partly concealed her face, and saw that the Sunny-eye was closed in death. One hand was pressed hard against her heart, as if her last moments had been painful. The other grasped the beads which the young Eagle had given her in the happy days of courtship. One heart-rending shriek was wrung from the bosom of the agonized savage. He tossed his arms wildly above his head, and threw himself beside the body of her he had loved as fondly, deeply, and passionately as ever a white man loved. After the first burst of grief had subsided, he carefully untied the necklace from her full, beautiful bosom, crossed her hands over the sacred relic, and put back the shining black hair from her smooth forehead. For hours he watched the corpse in silence. Then he arose, and carried it to the wigwam. He dug a grave by the side of his lost boy; laid the head of Soonsetah toward the rising sun; heaped the earth upon it, and covered it with stones, according to the custom of his people.

Night was closing in, and still the bereaved Mohawk stood at the grave of Sunny-eye, as motionless as its cold inmate. A white man as he passed, paused, and looked in pity on him. "Are you sick?" asked he. "Yes; me sick. Me very sick here," answered Powontonomo, laying his hand upon his swelling heart. "Will you go home?" "Home?" exclaimed the heart-broken chief, in tones so thrilling, that the white man started. Then, slowly, and with a half vacant look, he added, "Yes; me go home. By and by me go home." Not another word would he speak; and the white man left him, and went his way. A little while longer he stood watching the changing heavens; and then, with reluctant step, retired to his solitary wigwam.

The next day a tree, which Soonsetah had often said was just as old as their boy, was placed near the mother and child. A wild vine was straggling among the loose stones, and Powontonomo carefully twined it around the tree. "The young oak is the Eagle of the Mohawks," he said; "and now the Sunny-eye has her arms around him." He spoke in the wild music of his native tongue; but there was none to answer. "Yes; Powontonomo will go home," sighed he. "He will go where the sun sets in the ocean, and the white man's eyes have never looked upon it." One long, one lingering glance at the graves of his kindred, and the Eagle of the Mohawks bade farewell to the land of his fathers.

For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but just thirty years after the death of Soonsetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and firm-worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonomo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks! He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye. Alas! the white man's eye had been there! The tree he had planted was dead; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years, he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide

world for him to love, and they were gone! He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war-path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited, only by stealth, during thousands and thousands of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn; the long line of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on, the leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home," said he. "Where is the squaw and the papoose of the red man? They are here!" As he spoke, he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian cannot die here in peace." So saying, he broke his bowstring, snipped his arrows, threw them on the burial place of his fathers, and departed for ever.

None ever knew where Powontonomo laid his dying head. The hunters from the west said, a red man had been among them, whose tracks were far off toward the rising sun; that he seemed like one who had lost his way, and was sick to go home to the Great Spirit. Perchance, he slept his last sleep where the distant Mississippi receives its hundred streams. Alone, and unfriended, he may have laid him down to die, where no man called him brother; and the wolves of the desert, long ere this, may have howled the death-song of the Mohawk Eagle.—From the *Western Coronet* (an American publication), by Mrs Child.

Column for the Boys.

Boys are fond of birds. They like to have pigeons of their own, which they can sort and feed at any leisure time they have; they also like to keep ordinary singing birds in cages hung in their own rooms, or in the kitchen, and which they sometimes breed under their own care. Birds, in fact, divide their attention with rabbits; and when the winter comes on, as it is now doing, and when the snow covers the ground in all directions, then, if they have any convenient place for the experiment, they perhaps try to catch old birds with different kinds of traps. I am now going to give my young friends, the Boys, some directions how to manage all these sort of things. Suppose we begin with the art of

CATCHING BIRDS.

Bird-line, a sticky, sticky kind of matter, is sometimes used by smearing twigs, and enticing birds to settle on them by means of a call-bird, or decoy; but as few boys possess one of these trained call-birds, and as there are other means of catching so effectually, we need not say anything of that plan. The best way to catch birds, when the snow is on the ground, is to use nooses made of horse-hair; and this may be done either by lines, or with a hoop. If the former, get a hundred yards of packthread, and at every six inches fasten a noose, made with white horse-hair (two hairs twisted together being sufficient); at every twenty yards, thrust a little stick into the earth, by which the line may be fastened, to keep the nooses about the height the larks run; scatter oats from one end to the other. The birds will then flock to pick up the grain, and will be caught by the neck in the nooses. As the boy will be on the watch, he will run forward, and take the birds as soon as caught. This plan is recommended for taking larks. If boys prefer to try the hoop, which is much cheaper, let them get an ordinary barrel hoop, and draw packthread across it from side to side, leaving an opening between the strings of about two inches wide. This being done, let them attach white horse-hair nooses to the lines, so that they may lie nice and flat when the whole is laid down. Scatter oats or even crumbs on the snow at a conspicuous place for birds, and lay the hoop with its nooses above. If the winter be severe, and the birds plentiful, they will soon recognise the food, and, lighting among the nooses, will be caught by the feet, when the boys will dash forward, and catch them. There is yet another capital plan, and that is with the sieve-trap, which is made thus: In the winter season, when the ground is thickly covered with snow, sweep a round spot clean, the size of your sieve; sprinkle some ashes on the spot, and a few crumbs of bread; prop up the sieve over the spot with a bit of stick, with a thin twine fastened to its centre, and long enough to reach to a window, at which you must be seated, and watch the birds going to the sieve, when the string should be instantly jerked; this, if dexterously done, and no noise be made to scare away the birds, will occasion the sieve to fall, and the birds to be caught. You then take a cloth, and draw it under the sieve along the ground, taking care not to lift the sieve so high that the bird can escape; and, by drawing up the cloth to its centre, you will be able to carry the sieve, with the bird under it, into the house. When birds are caught, they ought to be put into cages adapted for them, and partially secluded, till they become accustomed to their imprisonment. As boys in towns have not an opportunity of exercising their ingenuity in catching birds in the manner described, they may buy any kind they have a fancy to from the men who deal in them.

THE LINNET.

Is a fine bird, and will learn either to pipe or whistle any other bird's note. The author of that nice little work, the "Boy's Own Book," thus describes how linnets ought to be managed:—"Feed the young with a little white bread soaked in milk, previously boiled; let it be very stiff, like a hasty-pudding; make but a little at a time, as it very soon grows sour. When they feed themselves, give them a little scalded rape-seed. They may be caught with clap-nets. When taken, place them in a large cage, and get some of the seeds you find they feed upon, which put into the cage with a little hemp-seed ground or bruised; set them in a place where they may not be disturbed, and feed them with this for three or four days; then cage up the cock and hen separately; feed them

with rape, and a small quantity of canary-seed amongst it, with some few crumbs of hemp. If dull, give them lettuce-seed, beet-leaf, or a little seeded chickweed now and then; and, if birds with a looseness, some chalk and bruised hemp-seed, a stalk of plantain-seed, and put saffron in their water. The linnet will acquire the song of the canary sooner than any other bird. They commenced singing three or four times in the year." The linnet is not a greater favourite among boys than

THE CANARY.

These birds, which were formerly brought from the Canary Islands, are remarkable for their power of song, their beautiful pale yellow colour, and their great merriment. You are directed, by the above authority, to "choose a young and sprightly bird, sleek and straight, and one who boldly struts and shakes himself. Take notice of the dung, which ought to dry quickly, and be thick, hard, round, of a fine white on the outside, and darkish in the middle. If the bird emit only a white mist, with no black in it, it is a certain sign of speedy death. If possible, hear him sing before you buy him. The hens never sing, although many have, by a sort of jabbering noise, deceived unskilful persons. The hen is always smaller and shorter. The colour above the bill of the cock, and likewise under his throat, and on the pinion of his wing, is a brighter yellow. The canary breeds four or five times a year, and lays four, five, or even six eggs at a time; they sit fourteen days. You should not match them till the middle of March. If convenient, let their cage be toward the east, because they love warmth, and sunshine in the room in the morning makes it very all day. If you breed them in a cage, let it be twice as large as common breeding-cages, so that they may have room to fly. If you breed them up by hand, feed them as linnets, and take them away at fourteen days old; for if you let them remain long with the old ones, they grow sullen, and will not feed; but if you let the old ones bring them up, leave them till the latter hatch again. When taken away, feed them thus: Boil an egg hard, take a little of the yolk, a little quantity of the best bread, and a little scalded rape-seed; bruise the whole as finely as possible. This is the best food for young canary birds. Begin to feed at six in the morning, and feed them anew at the end of every hour or hour and a half. Nothing is so good for their nests as a little fine hay and hair. When the weather is hot, or when they require something cooling or cleansing, let them have a little chickweed; but it is best to leave them to their own clear "wood-notes wild." Now for a word or two upon

BLACKBIRDS.

These native birds are kept in wicker cages, but they must be kept very clean, and care taken of their feeding. Blackbirds breed very early in the year, and the young may be taken at ten or twelve days old; feed them once in two hours with cheese curd, white bread, and milk, with sheep's or ox's heart, beaten up with lean meat, cut very small, mixed up with a little bread, and made very moist. When grown up, they may be fed with flesh meat, boiled, raw, or roasted; but flesh meat mixed with a little bread is best. If you find them out of order, give them a good large spider, or a few small flies, which will imitate any kind of insect, and leave them to their own clear "wood-notes wild." Now for a word or two upon

PIGEONS.

"The life of this beautiful and useful bird (continues our authority) is said to extend to about eight years; but it is useless for the purpose of breeding after it has attained half that age, and ought to be destroyed, or it will molest those which are in their prime. The pigeon lays two white eggs, and sits fifteen days after the second egg is laid. The female keeps to the nest from four or five o'clock in the evening until nine the next morning; she then goes off to feed, and the cock takes her place during the day. If the hen does not leave the nest at the usual time, she seeks her out, and drives her to her duty; the hen does the same in case of negligence in this respect on the part of the cock. The young ones are usually of different sexes. For the first three days after they are hatched, the female seldom leaves them; after that time, the cock and hen attend to feed them alternately. The way in which the old supply the young with food is singular; the parent birds collect a quantity of grain and water in their crops, which are very capacious; and, after it has lain there until soft and macerated (for the crop answers the purpose of teeth for chewing), they cast it up into the throats of the young ones. As the young birds acquire strength, the old ones give the food less preparation, and, at last, drive them out to provide in part for themselves. But they are often seen feeding their young ones even when the latter are able to fly, and they themselves are going to nest again. After six months old, the young pigeons are full grown."

THE DOVE-COT.

There are various kinds of houses for keeping pigeons, but those which can be most conveniently used by boys consist of wooden boxes placed against the wall, or a pole, or a tree, in both cases out of the reach of cats. The former are most common, and are generally made in a triangular shape, with a slope on each side. They have three or four storeys, separated by partitions into nesting places sufficiently large for a pair to turn themselves in. In front, the box or house is pierced with holes; and if there be two holes for each nest, so much the better. In front of the holes there ought to be wooden projections, or slips of deal, for the pigeons to rest on when they alight, or before they take wing. Furnish the nesting places with fine straw, and scatter a little sand or fine gravel around. Pigeons will provide for their own food, of which they require a great quantity; but, if necessary, offer them barley or oats, and any kind of crumbs. Pigeons breed very fast, and afford a frequent relish to the table, in the shape of a nicely baked PIGEON PYE.

GARDENING.—JANUARY.

THE FRUIT GARDEN.—Trench and manure ground for early planting. Prune, nail, and train wall and espalier trees, gooseberries, currants, raspberry, and nut. Figs must not be pruned till April. Plant out fruit-trees, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and nuts, if not already done. Look over fruit in the fruit-room; keep out frost, and pick out all decayed fruit. Force strawberries, the roseberry is now the best. Should the weather prove mild, those pots of strawberries which are in frames for the purpose of furnishing a succession, must have plenty of air during the day; but the glasses must be shut down in the night, in order to secure them against frost.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Trench and manure ground for early crops. Prepare hot-beds for asparagus, cucumbers, mint, potatoes, and small saladings. Force Elford rhubarb and sea kale in pits, in the mushroom-house, or under large pots; also kidney beans in the forcing-house or stove; the best sort for this purpose are the negro and early purple-speckled. Sow black-seeded gillie, brown Dutch, and grand admirable cabbage lettuce, as well as those of the Bath and Egyptian Cos. Sow curled parsley for transplanting, frame peas, horn carrots, Mazagan beans, onions, if they are intended to be grown to a large size, radishes, round spinach, &c. Plant out cabbage plants, to succeed the first crop which had been planted out in the autumn. Amend the mushroom-house, and see that the bed is well covered with dry straw; it ought to be at least twelve inches thick; and every precaution must be taken to keep out the frost.—Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.

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